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Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to Anne Whitney, 1911 October 23

Louise Imogen Guiney

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I digest duly the papers you send, and ponder upon the Philip-pines, and upon editorials which seem to take it for granted that all states are holy. I get badly muddled sometimes, contemplating sociological vistas, and see no way out of the bad existing conditions except by individual reform, every man jack trying to become as good — just as he possibly can. If he did so, we should all be in Jerusalem the Golden in one month's time: that much seems plain.

Mrs. Field's has sent me a sweet book: S.O.J.'s Letters. I hope it will be liked. Please remember me to Mrs. Dargan, Miss Converse, Miss Scudder, and Professor Palmer. And I am ever

11) Woodstock Rd, Oxford,
Oct. 23, 1911.

Yours R.D.C.

Only A.W. (except the delicious untracked poet of Davison's Poetical Rhapsody)!

What full-measured letters you do give me, and what scraggy infrequent returns I do give you! But then, you see, you are a lady of leisure in our large American air, and I am a pettifogging pseudo-Briton, stuck all over with the burrs of too-much-to-do. I am happy as a King, but never am free to do anything I want to. Just now, to add to the tangibilities of life, there is a small house looming on our lee, into which we mean to move before Christmas. Bags and boxes, chests and chattels, pots, pictures, and pa-

pers, in we go! Picture me as
a pilot of such events: and my
girl-cousin is just as brain-
less in matters domestic, with-
out my counter-activities to
plead. But she is going to make
a fine woman some day soon.
You wig me in the matter of clim-
ate, knowing well that you have
had a perfectly horrid autumn,
while we change rôles, and live
in glory and felicity. Hardly a
leaf gone from any tree as yet,
and eleven rich roses brought
in this morning from the garden
of this house! And Oh, such
walks awaiting one, were one
not buried in chores. My reason,
ma'am, for liking England best
meteorologically is King Charles

It's famous and common-sensible Reason,
that, 'till forth the greatest number of our
of-days! Never abnormally hot (out-
side this phenomenal summer happily ex-
tinct) never agonizingly cold: no mosqui-
toes; no icicles; no was big and and
eyelashes; only nice gentle friendly volutes,
'soft slaps of affectionate rain', as Jeremy
Taylor says, the which are friendly things.
I know the natives abuse it violently and
without cease, but the English climate extra-
mura is no ill invention. The houses are
another story. To feel really bearable warmth
between Oct. and May you go out. I wonder
what Mrs. Paragon reports?